DRETTI'S
versal Pills.
has continued to obtain
e practitioners of the
nner of them give it a
to create a new sense
nness to the public: shall
DISEASE.
ve once amongst the few,
place of her eyes resembles
beholder of her charms
are remain the casual mass
the place of feeling.
ings! Her health has been
ds of 24 years, and during
weakening sedentary habits,
longer the exquisite touch
e, often rolled unchecked;
can now entrance the listen-
ands for her, unless she be-
Wm. the object of a mer-

r the commencement of the
ent cold: when her physi-
ained confidence, prescribed
. The effect proved her
ription was: that her tongue
ss to project from her
ld claws by decaying nature's hand—
how him once—ah! when it was not thus!
ese brings comfort and relief to many
ds the world in but an opening scene—
ge of passion on his conscious wings,—
ht's placid repose, and dreams of bliss!
ousing empty banks and timeful graves—
her lost time's departure—why should they?
ch was the "waste and reckless" life,
sirable course—when blighted hopes,
d dreams of happiness that could not last,
ering accessories around to decorate the scene,
ed the sun at that which memory brings—
ure to him—commingled with the hope,
ch hereafter, blessed form! endless years—
ve to repose upon him—and his eye,
ived with the burning of his mind—
ch thoughts were back among departed scenes,
ed, and a dying sweetness stole
the last relief of his parting soul.—

Clean, sir—oh! well I know,
My early days are passing like a vi—
ne! it is not hard to go.
Where all I loved have gone before,
Where all I hoped is found,
Who on the specs where hope once loam'd,
Ive not fixed on earth the rear,
I no longer look forward,
I am, that bright and gilded toy,
I've coveted with my much loved lyre—
ve only run mine destroy!
Like lingering a—nent of fire—
y memory slow wanders back,
long the golden spots at which she sips,
ke a—n charged with chrystal track—
To inquisitive that once was mine—
Courage—almost forgotten accessories,
ke the distinguishing feature of years,
e art across her soul in glooms,
Like existence that's a world of scars—
ings in one breast I would recall,
ly lightest and most blissful dream,
ne for beauty, power'd or all,
ne I was a—n, and was beloved—
ost, and was beloved—I thought,
Dat misery could no more be mine,
ne of feelings I had brought
That most like unworthy shire—
ot think dark and joyless years,
ld not have been—
ve I known what was branded,
d warrd with my lone heart's reins,
the bright one whom my visions vanished—
e why would memory's shrine,
Feelings that are of mortal birth,
they are now no longer mine,
For of hope with all the things of earth—
ould my own—my glorious land,
Farewell, the bright and sunlit sea—
ne! how could I ever be
ot sunny here
ve at Dr. Brandreth's office.

plaint Cured.

Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Dysentery
ver, Sores, Boils, Pimples on the
Blotches, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt
Scrofula, Scurvy, Rheumatism,
Gout, Erysipelas, Dropsy, Gravel,
Female Complaints, Piles, Fits,
Headache, Dizziness, Drowsiness,
Weakness, Nervousness, Lowness
Spirits, Colds, Coughs, Consumption,
Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,
Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the
Side, Back or Limbs, Female Irregularities,
Obstructions, Palpitation of the Heart,
Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Liver Complaint,
Fevers of all kinds, Fever and Ague,
Erysipelas, Mercurial Diseases, Cancer,
Worms, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Inflammation
and Ulceration of the Bowels, Stomach
and Kidneys, Diseases of the Urinary Passages,
Weakness arising from whatever cause,
Nervous Irritability, Hysterics, Fits, Sleeplessness,
Dimness of Sight, Deafness, Numbness,
Loss of Memory, Epilepsy or Falling
Sickness, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions
of the Face, Nose and Body, Biles, Blotches,
Ringworm, Scald Head, Sore Eyes,
Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Itch, Scrofula
or Kings Evil, White Swellings, Tumors,
Ulcers, Fever Sores, Scalds, Burns, Mercurial
Affections, Poisons, Gout, Rheumatism,
Dropsy, Gravel, Diseases of the Bladder,
Kidneys, Back and Loins, Female Complaints
and Irregularities, and all Diseases arising
from Impure Blood, Habits of Intemperance,
Imprudence in Life, Impurities
absorbed from the Atmosphere, Poisonous
Exhalations, Contagious Diseases, Change
of Climate, Water or Food, Local Attachments,
&c. &c. &c.

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Letters from Illinois.

Springfield, Nov. 6th, 1858.

My Brother—It is not long since I wrote you, but having learned a little, I am about to answer some of your inquiries. You ask "what is the situation of the lands belonging to the soldiers?" They lie between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers, and I should judge are as good as any in the State, if not as the world. The conditions of the military lands, as my opinion is truly had in some respects. A soldier is entitled to one quarter section or 160 acres. It seems next to impossible for a purchaser to get land, at these lands in peace, or with any certainty of a sound title. The prevailing impression of the community and land agents, says he holds the *original patent*, issued in the soldier's name, signed over by him, or his heirs; and consequently, the squatter seems to pay for his improvement. If the speculator complies, well and good. If not a quarrel ensues. The heirs of deceased soldiers often live in other States, and as they are denominated, formerly often settled upon these lands, and made improvements; in the hope of sometime or other, of finding the proper owners. But while the settler is there toiling, the speculator comes, says he holds the *original patent*, issued in the soldier's name, signed over by him, or his heirs; and demands possession. The squatter proceeds

N VARIETIES.

ork on France nearly ready
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e effects of the late J. Fore-
oman purchased one of hi
works for a few shillings, and
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population of all civil rights
&c.

—The Edinburg New Ph
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merces of Royalty.—The duke
daughter of France, a pos
Sunbeam, the fast-sailing
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Hall.

bool.

Violent crimes are no
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to meet Jan. 31, and the M
had been summoned to Lo
municipal in their character
to Queen and the Duchess
suffering from illness. The
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to the Admiralty
is also Astronomer at Cape
his pension increased to £8

Paris are to the 7th, inclusi
ith expressions in Paris of
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Court of Peers on the
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—Private letters from T
the Cabinet is seriously m
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Greece.—It is a curious
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ians 1 of 2000.

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A gentleman and lady w
Castle lately, with a
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ed by an old stag, wa
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on the spot.

ed Mr. Hamilton, a

THE OLIO

Variegate the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

DRINKING SONG.

From Hook's Comic Annual for 1837.

By a Member of a Temperance Society, as sung by Mr. Stanfield, at Wanzer's Hall, &c.

Come, pass round the pail, hope, and give it no one-
pe.
Drink deep, and drink all, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll pass a toast you can't say wasn't
The Temperate for ever! that opens the plans!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, the bucket for me!

Let topers of grape-juice crabbedly repose,
But let us joie wivante a word to the above,
We want rounds, barrels, tubs, rounds, butt-ower,
Pleats, pans, and anvans, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The strange they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jars, the bolsons, fandangos, and jumps:
But name's the spring of all evoked dances,
We go to a ball not to dance, but pumps!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Drabster's gall sit their pumps,
Or hum-and-old Meat with dram-drinking cheer,
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we eat it *post meridem*,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some fatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits
Grog, punch, and wine not, that enliven a treat:
'Tis true that they set up the *nasal spirits*,
But may or the water that wets a heat!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Men of the Arts, who continued on weeins,
He sure'd only remember an i drop of wine,
We all know the figure, nose and face betokens,
He stinks after tasting the juice of the vine,
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

It was at a lover remonth e has jewel,
And pledge-ers in tempers fill'd swimming and oil,
But we the shampoo to fill it from the crust,
And none the more sober, a fond or the spot.
Then hey for a bubble, &c.

Some crown'd in their noses can never o'erlook it,
If it sink to a pint, a chopin, or a mutchkin,
Whilst temperate senses are exalted to look it
By help of a little outstanding stream.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's accession,
Decreasing our wits and our private affairs,
Though alone to each other household fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let wine at a lover remonth e has jewel,
And pledge-ers in tempers fill'd swimming and oil,
But we the shampoo to fill it from the crust,
And none the more sober, a fond or the spot.
Then hey for a bubble, &c.

Some crown'd in their noses can never o'erlook it,
If it sink to a pint, a chopin, or a mutchkin,
Whilst temperate senses are exalted to look it
By help of a little outstanding stream.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's accession,
Decreasing our wits and our private affairs,
Though alone to each other household fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig for G-B-gundy, Clore, or Mountain,
A sow sickly glasses must limit your zeal,
But let's in true temperance give to the fountain
The toast that very "stinks like a fish!"
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

THE ART OF HUMBUGGING.—If you wish to impose upon strangers, be very loquacious and unintelligible. The less you are understood the more highly will you rise in their estimation. The great secret of the success of many popular preachers consists in humbugging their hearers. Sensible, intelligent preachers are seldom popular. This may be received as an incontrovertible fact.

AUTHORS—TYPE OF PRODUCTION.—Sergeant Talfourd is said by some to have been seventeen, by others twenty-four years writing, re-writing, altering, and polishing, his tragedy of Ion: and, certainly, it bears all the marks of taste and care which may be expected from such a human production. Would that all the dramatists were as careful!

"Patrick," said an employer the other morning to one of the workmen, "you come late this morning, the other men were at work an hour before you." "Sorra a bit I'll be even with to night, then." "How Patrick!" "Why, faith, I'll quit an hour before em all, sure."

NICE LADIES.—The nice old lady in Virginia, who scrubbed through the floor and fell into the kitchen, is but one among many of the very nice females with which our country abounds. We know a good lady in New Jersey, who white-washed all the wood-work burnt; and one in Connecticut, who used three times a day to scour the nose of her big dog, to keep him from eating the dish out of which he ate his meals.

EFFECT OF CARPETS.—A German traveller complains of the universal custom of covering floors with carpets in England. He thinks the occasion diseases of the lungs. "Observe," says he, "a beam of light which falls into a carpeted room, and you see the whole atmosphere loaded with numberless minute hairs, which retain all their own characteristics when inhaled and mixed, therefore act as so many poisons. In England, eager admirers of cleanliness, thought they had certainly hit on the right, reckoned nature by these millions of little shreds mechanically suspended in it! His silent suggestion that this should remain without injurious consequences more particularly where there exists a previously morbid tendency at the lungs is overlooked.

A GOOD WIFE—*Or a Tough Story.*—An old gentleman, somewhat famous for his tremendously tough yarns, broached one during the recent pressure which was amusing enough for its absurdity, as well as the confidence he which he delivered it. He said he had not been hard pressed for money during late years, but he was once when he was doing a large business. "One day in particular," to use the first person, "I looked so terrible grum at breakfast, that my wife discovered something was the matter. She asks me, my dear, says she, what's the thing, says I. But there is, says she. Well, says I, if you will know, I have got seventeen thousand dollars to pay to day, and nothing to do it with. Is that all? says she. And enough too, says I. With that she says nothing, but wraps up in shawl, and brings me down the seventeen thousand dollars, all in the small change I had given her, from time to time, to do her marketing with."

MODERN CATECHISM, ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

Question. Who is the oldest man?

Answer. The lad of fashion who struts and swaggers, and smokes his cigar, and drinks rum; treads on the toes of his grandfather, and sneers at his mother and sister, and says that he will run away and 'leave the old man' if he will not let him have more cash.

Q. In what family is there the best government?

A Those in which the children govern the parents.

Q. Who is the promptest paymaster?

A. He that deals in promises, and is always ready to pay' great sums of them.

Q. Who is the man of business?

A. He that does little or no bustle, and does nothing.

Q. Who is the strongest man?

A. He that can carry off the most rum without staggering.

Q. Who is the most regular in his habits?

A. He that never takes supper except to make him feel 'better,' or goes and to observe eleven o'clock and four o'clock, and never eats his breakfast before he has had his 'bitters.'

Q. Who brings up his children in the way they should go?

A. He that teaches them to spend money without earning it—makes sing, whenever he thinks it will do good, and always takes care the bottom of the glass for little Frank.

Q. Who is treated with the most apparent respect?

A. He that most deserves to be hanged.

Q. Who is the greatest hogs?

A. He that will neither sell his conscience, nor barter his time for money.

Q. Who is the most liberal man, and the most worthy of public confidence?

A. He that has neither conscience to sell, nor principles to barter away, but always deals with the lots of lunar farm.

RUSSIAN PRISONS.—The discipline of the Russian penitentiaries is represented in a letter published in a French paper, the *Messenger*, as of the most horrible description. Other systems, the Austrian for example, may kill the body; this kills the soul. The political prisoners are turned into dungeons, where light never penetrates and where they have scarcely room to move. They are whipped at fixed intervals, but of ten persons, three are reckoned to die from this barbarous treatment and seven turn mad. On leaving prison some are so more able to recognise their parents or friends. Several Polish refugees and German students have been made shoot by this treatment.

HINTS TO AUTHORS.—Under this head, Blackwood's Magazine has an article giving hints for the construction of novels in the most approved modern style, both fashionable and pathetic. We extract the following specimens:—

THE ALTONFORDS.

A Tale of Fashionable Life.

The noble drawing room of Altonford Castle was crowded with company. The lights, the saloon, Wenppert's exhilarating band woke the echoes with their dulcet harmonies. The Duchess of Fitz Orville, beckoning to a tall *distingué*-looking person, who stood listlessly parting his hair with his pocket-handkerchief, retired with him into the conservatory. Their motions were observed by the person, every motion was elegant and appropriate. Her sensitive nostrils dilated with pride, after she had have furnished materials for some of my sonnets; she always spoke at the present time, and always to the purpose, so that nothing could be added to or taken from her story. Though her remarks were often keen and pointed, yet they were so tempered as not to give offence. Her understanding was superior to that of her sex without the appearance of arrogance or pretension; and she was the only person I ever conversed with among women, who, when they think themselves sensible, succeed in the most insupportable. To recount all her excellencies would far exceed my present limits, and I shall therefore proceed with my narrative. But there was nothing which could be desired in a beautiful and accomplished female, which was not in her most abundantly found."

SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.—A most singular superstition exists in the department of the Isère, in France. Every year after the death of a defunct fits about the apartment in which it died, and commences a search for a hole, or cranny, seeking an aperture to escape to heaven: and, therefore, when any one is considered in the last agonies, doors, windows, and water, milk, or any other liquid, is removed carefully from the house, lest the spirit should mistake it for it, and thus be prevented from reaching its eternal place of rest.—*Galignani*

TURKEYITE.—The enormous joints of meat which, when I was a boy, I used to see daily roasted upon a spit as long as the old two hundred pound cannon which stood before the door of the chimney, which the smoke sets in motion, but formerly by the labor of a dog, who was trained to run in a wheel, and who by the same labor breed for the purpose, called turnspits from their employment, but who have long since, as they are now nearly extinct. The mode of cooking by these machines was infinitely superior to that humane: the dog was put in the wheel, and a burning coal with them; he could not stop without burning his feet, and he was forced to run the full gallop. These dogs were by no means of a bad disposition, and would have been glad to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning the meat regularly, if they had but the right weight. Some years ago, a party of young men in Bath hired the chairman on a Saturday night to personate the dog, when the usual fellow of their mistresses to church, the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel wherein the prophet commands us to eat dung. When first the word wheel was pronounced, all the curs in the congregation pricked up their ears, and wheel they set up a doleful howl; and when the lesson was delivered a third time, they left in a body, one of them scampered out of church as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs.

PARTICULARS OF TEA.—Green Tea in China is of three kinds, viz. Imperial, Hyson, and Singlo. *Imperial* is the leaves from a very scarce tree, and real or true Imperial is limited to a few lbs. in a chest, and is not allowed for home use, hence its name. All tea of this description brought in Europe is mixed with gunpowder. This powder is the leaves plucked from trees of an early growth, and rejected as inferior leaves. Hyson is the leaves from trees of matured perfection, and Hyson Skin is the outside covering of the leaf. Hyson Skin is the leaves when dried; Young Hyson is from the same tree, but more curled and younger leaves. Singlo is a leaf from the full bearing tree that grows near to Hyson. The above trees are subjected to be pruned at Canton for the different descriptions of tea, many sorts are made from the Singlo. Bohea, or coarse, true Souchong is of a very limited production, and is the leaves of the tree that grows on the highest mountains. Congou is from fifteen shillings per pound; that which is sold for thirty shillings per pound is the finest sort; what is called best Congo is merely second quality; the best Bohea is substituted for Congo. Twankay for fifty years has been the name of a description exhibited to almost every kind of tea. It has been the term to express the lowest kind of proper season, they are first exposed to the sun or air to dry, and when the watery substance has evaporated, they assume the folding curling form, increased by firing or "catching," whereby the leaves are dried, and the watery vapour or appearance they have when we receive them. The operation of "catching" is performed by putting the leaves into large, flat, shallow pans, rubbing a portion of tea with them, and placing above quick charcoal fires, which answers best for this purpose: this process is repeated several times, as it is being fired or catched, considerable care is required to pick out the injured and broken leaves and small dust. The Chinese are capable of conversing any kind of tea, and of telling the exact price of every. Gunpowder, in regard to which description would seem difficult, is often manufactured from leaves which are gathered and formed to present the appearance of a beautiful bloom, but it, on infusion, is found to be worthless. To sell all kinds of old teas for new, by re-firing them, and adding a portion of new tea with them. The surface of a chest of tea often carries a superior appearance to the middle or bottom. For the purpose of preventing damage to the tea from rotting in consequence of wet, it is found that it is subject to a very considerable land carriage, before it reaches the river navigation.—*Remembrancer.*

A work has been published in Boston which contains among other matter, the following remarkable advice for all young ladies:—"Be careful not to us of such general application as to come under the denomination of flirts.

"You ought to exert, in this practice, the influence of your charms to secure the object of your self-respect, and regard for your own character. The estimation of all virtuous and true-hearted men, should lead you to the practice of this duty.

Public worship is not only a *duty* but it is a *privilege*, which if you are a considerate and grateful young lady you will not be in danger of losing.

Set your habitual and serious attendence on the worship of God, you will encourage the ministers of the gospel in their labors.

Habits of disorder in this way are a strong bond of salutary influence on civil society. Also

They tremendence or your taste, by the very neatness, cleanliness and frugality they practice.

Those neighborhoods in which public worship is neglected, are, generally speaking, immoral neighborhoods.

An unsteady and infrequent attendance on public worship is a great injury to society, and there is no regular recurrence of the influence of religious ordinances to keep up a steady conception of the temptations of unholy influences which surround you in this sinful world. To your growth in the divine and spiritual respects, faster than you gain it."

SAGACITY OF DOGS.—Many curious, yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity of these animals, have been told, among which the following, which we find in an old English paper, is one of the most remarkable. A large Newfoundland dog, belonged to the Duke of Bedford, used to repair daily to the shop window of White's. The conversation between the youthful cur was interrupted for that night, and Lord D'Alterville mutually ejaculated threats of vengeance against the unfortunate causes of his annoyance. It vowed that if it could do it with safety, he would fracture every bone in the body of the offender. Lord Treat *Gle's calm.—Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Goat.—The wings we shall find ornamented with a fringe of feathery scales, as are the fine ribs of the wings. The wings, when viewed as transparent objects, present a most extensive field for observation. Here we see all the opaque specimens, and placing a black ground behind them, they present to the eye of the observer the most splendid colors, equalling some of the most brilliant specimens of minerals! The horns are also fine objects—so also are the head, eyes, and legs; in short, there is no part of this insect but is highly interesting in the examination. Every part of it is profusely ornamented with scales or feathers, varying in their characters, from each other, according to the part from whence they are taken. Each of these minute inspection with a microscope in order to discover the beauties with which this insect is adorned.

LOVELINESS.—The following delineation by Lawrence Minkel of the personal beauty of her of his heart's idol, will probably be found to comprehend nearly all the requisites of a charming woman:

"Her beauty was astonishing. She was of just and power height, and perfectly fair; but not pale; blooming but not ruddy. Her countenance was serious without being severe, and mild and pleasing without levity or vulgarity. Her eyes were lively, without any indication of malice or falsehood. They looked through her mountains—flashes its holy gleam of light upon the darkness which surrounds it. Her conversation was about the imperiled bark of the storm beaten mariner—the wounded deer of the mountain—the wounded deer of the mountain—the wounded deer of the mountain